Victory Homes

By Paula Puddephatt

They were known as Evil Kay and Sly Simona, but never to their, permanently smug, faces. The Team, more of a gang, went along with everything, naturally. More than their jobs were worth to object, and no one ever did.

Victory Homes, social housing association. The victorious ones were, of course, The Team/Gang, not one of whom would touch "quality affordable housing" with a bargepole.

In fact, the secret was in the staff recruitment policy, unofficial version.

If Kay or Simona ever suspected the truth, Julia and three other staff members would be in serious danger. No, not simply their jobs. Their lives. The lives of their loved ones.

Julia and three others were genuine people, hard workers, possessing kindness and compassion. But they had to work within the framework, or at least, appear to do so. Could they really make a difference? Julia had to believe it.

It was all very well for employees of Victory Homes to relentlessly bully residents, including some of society's most vulnerable people, in many cases strategically driving their victims to suicide.

Well, these were real people. Julia's younger sister, Debbie, had been one of them. Gone at forty-seven. What a waste.

Every involved criminal should face justice, especially the, apparently untouchable, Kay and Simona. Should. But would they?